

among beings who knew no pity, and no human entered. It was the Priest of Marmelade,

among beings who knew no pity, and no human law, the horrors of the moment,—all presented themselves distinctly to his soul. Where was the friend, who had spoken consolation to him? Where, among the hand which could save him? Could a single individual rescue him, in the midst of thousands, who, well armed, were prepared to exact at the slightest hint of their master? Toussaint Breda—who was this old negro? Biassau, Jeannot, Bruckman, Jean François, and twenty other names ran through Vincent's mind. These were the leaders who stood at the head of large hostilities; but Toussaint's name was not among them. Lost was he in the multitude, perhaps at the head of the negroes of the Plantation Breda, an insignificant chieftain. It was idle to look for help in such a crowd. These thoughts passed wildly through Vincent's heated brain. At present, among them all, one thing only was clear, his extermination boldly to confront the monster Jeannot, and to die as became a freeman.

"Subscriber" sends us the following lines,
 est to copy. As we do not know to what to
 n, the paper from which they are copied will
 seeming want of courtesy:

THE COTTON MANUFACTURE.

"Till overwrought the general system feels
 Its motion stop, or frenzy fires the wheels,"

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[7] A. J. Iqbal, "A note on the asymptotic behavior of the solutions of the differential equation," *J. Math. Anal. Appl.*, vol. 10, pp. 68-70, 1965.

That tour above the town,
They are to sprig a lady's dress
And stripe it up and down. ANDROMACHE

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 10th.

— And the children of Israel said unto Moses, wo

the language of despair, entreaty, and complaint
and now stood a victim before him, manacled to a

A few months before, all these beings would have trembled before the eye of a white man; they would have kissed the dust of his feet, and at a hint from him would have murdered friend and brother, and now, alike at once, the first spark of this awe was vanishing. Vincent, the first of the white men, was a stone at the hated gentleman. Was it the sense of the injury which had been inflicted on their humanity, the noble pride of freedom, that drove them to a revenge, which was ready blindly to crush even oppressor? Vincent shuddered at the hateful relation of the worst passions, which, however, he could not resist. He was a man without a head—what knew they of holy freedom? The night of death had suddenly broken off their chains, and only the impregnable character of the country—not their numbers even, prevented the stout plotters from punishing their runaway slaves. As Vincent cast his eye over this host, that, grinning, and laughing, and shouting, and leaping, and waving the numbers, deformed and shriveled, and marked with the scars of blows, and the marks of iron, the women exhibiting the most frightful and disgusting ugliness, the feeling of the white man came over him toward the black race, and although a prisoner he could not suppress a feeling of utter contempt. But as he proceeded the scene underwent a change, and when he reached the top of the mountain, a new aspect was presented. The houses of the white men were erected, and the rows in which they stood showed some resemblance to a regular camp. Here, too, indeed, old men and women were lying lazily stretched out on the ground, covered only with filthy rags, and monotonously howling their discordant songs; men and women were engaged in rude dances, and the drunken men shouted around the white man. Still, amidst all this, there was fully apparent on all sides, traces of intelligence were visible, and the guiding hand of a leader—Groups of men stood together with their arms, and were under the direction of those who were evidently by their officers. There were manifested the firm rudiments of warlike art, of which even the most degraded and little of the white men, the best equipped multitude, with their sabres, bayoneted axes, and pikes, had still the appearance of a battalion that might offer no slight resistance. At last the prisoner approached a large wooden house, which, surrounded by several tents, was erected under the shade of some palms, and just at this spot the white man, Vincent, the first of the white men, of Jeanne's

ing of the General, stood a high and slender palm tree, whose rich foliage, thick and large, was rocking gracefully in the air. If the beautiful top of this tree, aspiring to the light and the heaven, waved a symbol of freedom, the most malignant tyranny had converted its trunk into the instrument of its remorseless cruelty. A few feet from the ground a broad iron band was fastened round the tree, from which stood forth on all sides long sharp spikes which were provided with barbs. The terrible un-

threw himself down before it, and humbly besought the gracious Virgin to point out to him, an appropriate kind of punishment for the insolent prisoner. Such appeared to be the subject of his prayer, for while he softly whispered his petitions, his eyes turned thoughtfully towards Vincent, and he sprang up at last, shouting in a triumphant tone: "I have it, I have it; kindle a fire, make the spikes at the tree-red-hot, and then I will talk further with the fool. And then he nodded with his head and out

a pure state, from the pipe below, thus showing, in a striking manner, the levity of the gas, and how little it commingles with the atmospheric air. Mr. Woodcroft was accustomed to be shut up in this chamber, full of gas, together with a young man, a workman, both wearing firemen's hermetically closed helmets, with flexible tubes, through which the atmospheric air was supplied for inspiration, and the carbonic acid gas expired was carried away. The air forced into the helmets and breathed by

fourteen years, but in the course of this time, so many criminal cases were brought before him for adjudication, whose only cause and origin were so plainly referable to early neglect in the culprit's education, that the noble heart of the judge could no longer bear to pronounce sentence of condemnation against the prisoners; for he looked upon them as men who, almost without a paradox, might be considered as *guiltless offenders*.

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THURS. AND MIGNET—At the bar.

The advice contained in the character-
piquant epistle is so excellent, and so generally ap-
plicable, that we present our readers with a copy of
it:—"London, February 13, 1845.—F. M. the Duke
of Wellington presents his compliments to Mrs.
C—. He really regrets much that he has not
been able to read her letter. He entreats her to
write in a plain hand, in dark ink, and in few words
what are her commands. Mrs. C—,
Liverpool.—*Preston Chronicle.*

The London Patriot, of October 8th, has the f

talents and acquisitions were such, that, at a very early age, he was elevated to the Bench. This was probably, an office for life, and was attended with honours and emoluments. He officiated as a judge fourteen years, but in the course of this time, so many criminal cases were brought before him for adjudication, whose only cause and origin were so plain, that the noble bench, in the culprit's advocacy,

At the head of a private school.

that the noble heart of the judge could no longer bear to pronounce sentence of condemnation against the prisoners; for he looked upon them as men who, almost without a paradox, might be called *guiltless offenders*. While holding the office of judge, he was appointed school-inspector. The paramount importance of the latter office grew upon his mind as he executed his duties, until at last he came to the full conception of the grand truth—how

his mind as he executed his duties. The pa-

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